

TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY
BULLETIN

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Volume XVII

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Number 4

THE OLD SCRATCH AND THE MEAN WOMAN*

By Lawrence Edwards

(As nearly as I can remember, here's the way Uncle Bill's girl told this story:)

Onct there was a woman who was mean to her hsuband and was allus whuppin her chillern and couldn't git along with her neighbors. She was jist low-down mean. Seems like she jist couldn't he'p it. When she combed her little girl's hair, she'd pull her hair and jerk he head nearly off and say, "Hold still." The little girl ud hold as still as she could, but she couldn't hold plum still. She'd flinc in spite of all she could do, and the mean woman would jerk her ha and pull some of it out and yell, "I'll pull ever hair outen yore head if ye don't hold still!"

She couldn't git along with her husband. They never slep' in the same bed, and she never had a good word for him at the table, but stormed at him and said, "I was a fool for ever marryin you and so I was." But the poor man would jist put up with her the best he could. And she never had his dinner ready when he come in from the field tired and hungry. When he'd say "Hurry up dinner," she'd yell at him, "I'm adoin the best I can. If ye can't wait, cook ye dinner yeself!"

She'd knock her little boy down with a stick of stove wood or a poker or anything she could git her hands on. Her whole family was afraid of her, and I don't believe a single one of em loved her; I don't see how they could, she was so mean.

*Of all the ghost stories I heard when I was a boy at Speedwell, th one struck the most intense terror into my soul. I don't know of its counterpart in folk literature, and maybe it actually had its genesis in our dark hills. Of course there is the ballad called "The Farmer's Curst Wife," but it is essentially humorous. LE

Well, one morning that woman got up with a quare feelin. She wars ed her face and hands and started to cook breakfast, but she felt plumb quare. She thought about callin her husband to tell him about her feelin, but she was so stubborn, she wouldn't. That quare feel kep' on though, and seemed like she was afraid of somethin, she coul n't tell what. She thought somethin awful was agoin to happen to her. But she went on a cookin breakfast, and finally got her husband and chillern up to eat.

After breakfast, she got the chillern off to school, and her husband went to the field to work. That left her there alone, and the quare feelin hadn't left her. She felt it all mornin. Her husband come home to dinner, and she thought about tellin him of her quare feelin, but she was too stubborn and mean to do it. So he went back to the field and she went on about her work.

But that feelin got worse 'stead of better, and along in the afternoon while she was asweepin the floor she thought she heerd a voice. Sounded like it was up the chimbley. But she couldn't tell and she was afraid to look. Maybe it was only in her mind. So she went on and finished the sweepin and started to git ready to cook supper, and she heerd the voice again; this time it sounded like it was behind the kitchen door, and she heerd what it said, too. That's what scared her shore nuff. It said, "The Old Scratch is jist ten miles away."

Her hair stood up on her head and she didn't know what to think. Maybe the Old Scratch was acomin to git her. She went on about her work and she wished the chillern would hurry from school, but it wasn't time for em yit. So she went on about her work, totin in stove wood, cleanin the ashes outen the cook stove, anything to keep

busy. Then she heerd the voice again: "The Old Scratch is jist eight miles away." This time the voice seemed to come down under the kitchen floor.

She was gittin really bad scared and thought about callin her husband from the filed, but was too stubborn to let him know she was afraid.

Then she sifted her meal to bake her bread for supper and started a fire in the stove. While she was buildin the fire, she heard the voice again, and it seemed to come from up the stove pipe: "The Old Scratch is jist six miles away." She went on and made up her batter and got the bread in the oven, and sliced some meat to fry for supper; and then she heard the voice again, and this time it seemed to come down from the roof, right down through the house: "The Old Scratch is jist four miles away."

By that time, it was nearly time for the chillern to git home from school, and she wished they was there, for she was so scared she didn't know what to do. Then she decided to go and milk. It was too early, but maybe gittin away from the house would help, she thought. So she got her bucket, went by the crib and got a few nubbins for her cow, and went on to milk. When she got back, she strained her milk; and as she was strainin it out on her back porch, she heerd the voice again: "The Old Scratch is jist two miles away." This time the voice seemed to come from the mountain. She looked up the mountain road and could see that the shadders was afallin across the hollers. The sun was about to go down.

So she went on and started to git supper on the table, and by this time, she was so scared she was in a weak tremble. And she heerd the voice again; "The Old Scratch is jist one mile away." She was

shore that he was comin down the mountain by then, and she expected that maybe he was somers up about the sulphur spring on the side of the mountain. But she went on about her work and wished to the Lord she could pray, for she wanted to the worst in the world, but she didn't know how. She knowed that her time was adrawing nigh. And there was nothin she could do. Then she heerd the voice again and it didn't seem to come from nowhere in particular. It come from all around her, or inside her: "The Old Scratch is jist a half a mile away."

She looked down in the field where her husband was aworkin, and she could see him unhitchin his horses to come to the barn. His day's work was done. She looked up twarge the mountain, and it was all black with shadder. She looked away down the lane, and she could see her chillern comin home from school. Her whole body was in a nervous tremble. She was literally scared to death. If anybody could abeen sorry for that woman, now was the time.

She went back into her house and finished settin supper on the table, but all around her seemed to be that voice, not speaking but ready to speak, and she was expectin it any minute. Now she wisht she had jist a few more minutes! Time fer her husband to git home, time fer the chillern to git home. But her time was about gone.

Then she heard a clomp, clomp, clomp on her back porch, and she was so scared that her heart was up in her throat. She realized that there was something in the door. It was now much darker in the kitchen. But she was afraid to look around. Her knees give way under her, and she sunk to the floor; but jist as she was sinkin down she turned and then she saw him. There was Old Scratch hisself, reachin his long hairy arms to git her. And his forked tail was

swingin back and forth, and his peaked ears reached above the top of his head, and his eyes was like flashes of fire.

He grabbed her under his arm and wrapped his tail around her and took off in a lope twarge the mountain. That woman was too scared to scream. She was in his power, and she knowed it.

Jist as the Old Scratch run out of sight with her, up the mountain road, she looked back and seen her chillern goin into the yard with their books and dinner basket; and she could see her husband unharnessinn his horses at the barn. But they never did know what happened to her.

I reckon the Old Scratch took her into a cave upon the mountain, or maybe plunged her into the lake of fire and brimstone. Anyway, her hsuband and chillern never had to listen to her mean tongue no more. That woman was gone, fer when the Old Scratch gits ye, you're gone fer ever.

Editor's Note: Speedwell Sketches by Lawrence Edwards, and published by the Hamlet Press, Avon, Illinois, 1950, was reviewed in the March 1951, Volume XVII, No.1, issue of the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin.

The preceding sketch titled "The Old Scratch and the Mean Woman" and the one following titled "Warts and Witchery" are from the further studies of Mr. Edwards as he sought for additional materials in the enlargement of the original volume.

WARTS AND WITCHERY

By Lawrence Edwards

"Now see whatche done an done!" said Mag, almost in tears. If ye hadn't played around with that ole toad frog, we could go to the min-in' camp an visit Grace and Vestie and them."

It was only about ten days until the Fourth of July, and Pop had promised me an Mag that if we made good grades at school we could go visit our Aunt Molly an play with her youngins on the Fourth holidy. The Fourth came that year on Friday, so that we would have a whole three-day stay at Aunt Molly's. And I was achin to go but I simply couldn't with that danged wart on my thumb. The thing had been gittin bigger and bigger since way back in the winter. It might not a been such a bad thing if it hadn't been that the chillern at school made fun of me about the wart. "He plays with toad frogs," they were forever singing. They just kept on an on, an I thought they'd never hush.

What was so bad about a wart on the thumb, I wondered. Many people had em, an many people had worse; big bulgy things on their necks. I had seen a woman pass pop's store one day with a big growth half as big as a meal poke on her neck. It must a made her tired to carry it around. Looked to me like it ud a made her awful ashamed to be out in company. But she didn't seem to mind, just walked along unconcerned an didn't seem to worry a bit.

But I worried about the dad-blamed wart now. As I said, though, maybe I wouldn't a worried so much if the school chillern hadn't a teased me so much. I hated em fer it too, practically ever one in my room -- crazy, good-for-nothin, low-down fools! Allus a sayin things to hurt people's feelins. They knowed I never played with no

toad frogs! I don't know what causes warts, but I don't believe a toad frog does! Besides my warts started in the winter time, an no toad frogs is awake then. They hole up just like snakes in the winter time, in caves, or under rocks, or under the crib, or somewhere.

Mag kept on naggin at me and blamin me for not goin to Aunt Molly's though. Finally I thought Ise gonna hafta lay her low with a stick of stove wood, but pop spoke up before I hit her.

"Now you shet up," he said, "both of ye." We dried up, but we looked like two curs that had been kicked apart; we'd be back growlin again as soon as we could get out of his sight.

"Why dontche go up to Gabe Harvey's an let him take that wart off?" pop suggested. Everbody in our neighborhood knowed that Gabe Harvey claimed he could take off warts an such, an I suppose most everbody believed he could do it. I hedn't thought about it much. I thought about it a little now an wondered what Professor Jones would say about it. I felt a little ahsamed of myself for believin -- an I did somehow believe it -- that Gabe could take off warts. Professor Jones would make a big joke about it, I knowed, if he ever found out about me a goin to Gabe.

"Well, go," said Mag. "He might take it off; go an see anyhow. I'd be ashamed to go around with an ole seedy wart on my thumb. Look at the ole broke-open thing. Shoo!" I was so doggone mad I couldn't see straight, an ashamed too, but I never said a word. Thinks to myself though, "I'll go an see what Gabe can do. Go next Sunday."

Willie and Tom, Gabe's two boys, had a good truck wagon -- wheels made of sourwood log-cuts, an groundhog hide for a guide string. We would have a fine time ridin down their barn hill. The thought pleased me as much as the thought of goin to Aunt Molly's. "Well," I said, "if

you want me to see Gabe, I will. I'll go a Sunday."

"Why yes," he said, "go, go! If you don't, I'll never hear the las about that plague-taked wart. An if Gabe don't remove it, why you can take it to Nigger Lize. She can take it off, I betche."

Nigger Lize! I'd heard that many strange things had happened in the little dark kitchen of Nigger Lize's cabin.

"No, thankee," I said, "I'll not go to Nigger Lize! I'll wear this wart the rest of my borned days fore I'll do it!"

"I wouldn't git too uppity," said pop; "you might git warts all over ye an then ye might be glad to go to Nigger Lize. A feller can git too big fer his britches sometimes. That's all I got to say, too big for his britches!"

"Nigger Lize took a mole offen Mary Whalen's ear an Mary didn't even know when it left," said Mag. "Reckon it just went away in her sleep."

I didn't say any more, but I'd been close to Nigger Lize's cabin as I wanted to be, ridin along the road goin to mill. I had more faith in Gabe an a lot less fear of him.

"I'm goin to see Gabe Sunday," I said. "Been wantin to play with Willie's wagon anyway."

I got to Gabe's early that Sunday, an me an his boys had a fine time playin with the wagon and climbin the trees in the orchard an runnin along the spring road. I don't know when I've had such a good time. An not once in that whole time did Tom or Willie mention my wart. I like them boys better than any other playmates I ever had.

When dinner was ready Gabe yelled for us to wash our hands and face at the spring an come on to dinner. We went in with water drippin of us an took turns at the big roller towl on the porch. Then we

went into the kitchen where Lillie Harvey had a table piled up with good things to eat. We waited for Gabe to ask a blessin an then pitched in like a bunch of hungry wolves. My, but we did eat! I was nearly starved. Guess we had played purty hard that mornin.

When we finished dinner we just set around the table for a while a talkin, an that's when Gabe looked at my wart.

"Yer pop was a telling me that ye had a wart on ye thumb, Haley," he said. "Le's see it." I held out my thumb and Gabe rubbed my wart with his big rough ferefinger. He rubbed very gently, lookin closel at the wart. Then he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "It'll go away purty soon."

Well, you know I never hardly thought about that wart for the nex week! Somehow what Gabe said plum took it out of my mind. Wouldn't a thought about it a tall maybe if it hadn't a been for that pesky Mag. She kept wantin to know if I'd go with her to Aunt Molly's. "Now no!" I said. "I ain't a goin to Aunt Molly's with this here wart!"

So I reckon she had about give up gittin to go. It was Thursday mornin. The next day was Friday, which was the Fourth. We were all at breakfast, an pop says, "Haley!" an I said, "What?" He nearly scared the livin daylights outen me yellin that a way. "Haley!" he says again, grabbin at my hand, "Whar's yore wart?" I looked at my thumb, an I'll be doggone if they was a sign of that wart. I looked close. It was gone, plumb teetotally gone!

"Now I'll be dad-blamed if that don't beat all git-out," said pop, and Mag jumped up an run to pack her clothes to go to Aunt Molly's. But I just set there a lookin at that thumb, afraid to touch it for fear it would take away Gabe's charm. "Well, I'll be dad-blamed," p kept a sayin. "It's plumb gone." An it was, too, never to come back.

MILLS DARDEN: THE GIANT OF TENNESSEE*
WORLD'S LARGEST MAN

By Ruth Whitener Howse

I

"There were giants in the earth" in Noah's time,
And "the same became mighty men of renown;"
David killed the famous giant Goliath
With a simple weapon as a mere plain sling.
In a legend of Giant Bodegh, we sing.
Truth is known in history's revelation;
Mills was the world's largest giant in creation
Since Noah's days in this civilization.

II

'Twas in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine
When Mills Darden was born in North Carolina;
He moved to Henderson County, Tennessee;
A young man and pioneer settler was he,
In the highest lands of all West Tennessee;
Attracted by its springs and e'er running streams,
Close to Lexington on the Beech River streams,
Near the famous Natchez Trace, and Indian Trail.

III

There is a legend about the birth of Mills:
A Negro mammy found him as a foundling;
When just a few days old, down by the old mill;
He began to cry, she sang a lullaby
In a sweet, crooning, coaxing and soothing tone;
"Dar den, dar den, dar den," she sang for "there then;"
From then on, he was known ever'where as "Darden";
And his Christian name was then given as "Mills".

IV

There is a legend about Mills' parentage;
He never knew anything of his "Ma" and "Pa";
Ne'er learned the secret of his birth 'til his death;
The best, most splendid character you ever saw.
Mills' posterity proved him to be of good blood.
The name of Mills Darden's consort was "Mary".
By all who knew him he was held in esteem:
The little town of Darden was named for him.

* Mrs. Ruth W. Howse of Humboldt, Tennessee, articles - the first a song, the second an historical legend in verse. The words have been arranged to two tunes, the first by Mrs. Howse the latter an Irish Folktune: "Kilkenny and the Giant Bodegh" (Quartette Arrangement by Mrs. Howse, copyrighted 1948).

V

A tailor of Lexington made Mills a coat
In which the three largest men in the county
Buttoned themselves at the same time into it,
And went walking down the streets of Lexington.
Mills' big coat dropped all the way to the floor;
His old-fashioned white hat resembled a bee hive;
Mills' wearing apparel is on exhibition
At the Tennessee Historical Commission.

VI

A farmer was Darden and mighty was he;
No brawnier lad e'er came o'er the Smokies and lea.
He continued to grow for fifty-eight years;
The world's fattest man became this earth's saddest.
He was active until eighteen fifty-three.
Mills was hauled in a large ox cart with bed springs
After he was unable to do farm work.
You see his labor he did not once shirk.

VII

Mills was so sensitive about his vast size
That he would not give his consent to be weighed;
So through a clever scheme his weight was e'er known:
One day before Mills got out of his ox cart
Some men measured how far the springs were mashed down;
Later these men filled the cart with rock and stone
'Till springs measured same as when Mills was in the cart;
Rockas were them weighed 'till a fair estimate was made.

VIII

Darden grew in height and weight from birth to death:
He grew and grew until he drew his last breath.
He passed through a door by stooping and sideways;
Darden grew until he became a giant.
He won for himself the world's famous title:
"Mills Darden the Great Giant of Tennessee!"
The largest man on record is said to be;
In fact, ever known to the civilized world.

IX

Mills died when huge rolls of fat closed his windpipe.
A side wall of his log cabin had to be
Removed when he was brought out for burial.
At Darden's death on January twenty-third,
Year of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven,
He weighed a fraction over a thousand pounds.
He was buried close to the village of "Life"
On a farm at the family cemetery.

X

Mills was too enormous to e'en ride horseback:
His height being approximately eight feet -
His grave measured about ten feet from head to feet.
It is said that five hundred feet of lumber
Was used to make his immense casket and box.
Soon after Mills' death, newspapers from everywhere,
All over the country and world, e'en from London,
Gave accounts of his death and huge proportions.

THE OLD FASHIONED CAMPMEETING CHURCH*

Ruth W. Howse

In the year of eighteen and twenty-six,
A log house, used as a school and a church,
Was built near Brownsville in the "sticks,"
By the old patriarch, Howell Taylor,
A prominent Methodist preacher,
And his sons, Howell, John, Ed, Buck and Richard.
From Virginia they had a long wagon ride
To Haywood County, always to reside.

The prolific Taylor family
Were men of highest integrity,
Vindicators of law and order,
Noted for their patriotic ardor,
Owners of vast amounts of property,
Contributors to the well-being of society;
And in the forming of sound morals,
Also renowned for their Christian virtues.

This Methodist campmeeting is a family affair
Of the descendants of the Taylor family;
Their lives, a noble example to posterity,
And splendid characters of good citizens.
You just don't rate unless you're called "cousin."
Relatives come even from other states.
Friends of other faiths dine on certain dates,
At delicious, tempting, and bountiful feasts.

Everyone to campmeeting went
To show off the fashions of his fine, new togs.
David McLeod, the pioneer tailor,
Of Brownsville, had a shop built of logs.
The "tip and height" of style was silk stockings
And dancing pumps. The suit was full of trimmings:
Buckram, buttons, and black silk velvet collar,
and pongee silk pants, lavender in color.

* Tabernacle Methodist Church, Brownsville, Tennessee,
the oldest and largest campground church in the South.
Visitors of all faiths welcome, by invitation.

The tailor would promise a good charming fit:
Rock style, brown coat coming down to the knees;
Buff cassimere vest with bright gilt buttons on it;
The striking coat set well upon the shoulders
With its high, double-breasted, rolling collar -
The tail full, coming well-down to the knees;
Pants fitted tight as the skin, up from the knees,
Increasing the looseness down to the feet.

John Wesley, founder of Wesleyan Methodism,
Famous author and preacher of evangelism,
Was "Father of the Open Air Meetings;"
Those led to the old-fashioned campmeetings,
Which were made interesting by fine singing.
The old singing schools kept the hymns ringing.
Charles Wesley was called the "Prince of Hymnody;"
They were missionaries in West Tennessee.

In campmeetings were born spiritual songs.
From old "Harmony" song books fasola songs
Were taught in month-duration "Singing Schools"
Where "tuning forks" were the main tools.
Their hymns dealt with "sinners" and "mourners,"
Designed for the teaching of the moaners:
At the end of sermons "seekers" to "mourners" "bench
Where backsliders would go, was a cinch.

In the year of eighteen thirty-two
A nicely hewn-log house, Number Two,
Was built in Dick Taylor's Grove near a spring.
When finished, 'twas a beautiful building.
By Reverend James Smith it was dedicated.
He was a local preacher from Virginia.
By Pastor Howell Taylor "New Hope" was changed
To "Tabernacle", name of his church in Virginia.

The history of this church is a strider
With the missionary "circuit rider;"
Reverend James Smith, a "knight of the saddle,"
For zeal and faith, his duties he unfurled;
And was unexcelled by others in the world.
He had a staid and sober appearance,
And with such an interesting countenance
He performed his daily task of preaching.

Eighteen and forty-seven was the year
The third house was built by subscription among members.
It was a frame, country church of nice smooth timbers,
Constructed by John Thomas, a carpenter,
And it was dedicated by Reverend Clifford Jones.
Nineteen hundred and twenty-two was the year
The building was improved with a brick veneer
And enlarged to meet its general needs.

There are 32 cabins for attending campmeeting revivalists.
A ram's horn is blown to invite attendants into the church.

THIRD EDITION: FIVE TENNESSEE FOLKSONGS

by
George W. Boswell
Austin Peay State College

This article together with two preceding similar ones¹ completes the publication in the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin of fifteen selected ballads and folksongs from the Tennessee Folklore Society's growing archive. Herewith are variants of a Child ballad, two British (Irish) ballads, a cumulative song, and a play-party game song.

The widely-disseminated ballad which Francis J. Child called "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" (No. 4)² is rather well known in America.³ There have been at least thirty-one variants recorded in the South.⁴ Up to the publication of Memory Melodies,⁵ however, only four texts and no tunes had been recovered from Tennessee.⁶ Mrs. Johnson learned Child 4, which she calls "The King's Daughter," from the singing of her father, W. E. Snodgrass, of Crossville. It was probably brought to Tennessee from near Mount Vernon, Virginia.

Only eight occurrences of "Johnny Doyle" are in print from the South, including no others from Tennessee. Alton C. Morris, who has

1. "Five Choice Tennessee Folksongs," Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin XVI, No. 2 (June, 1950), 25-30, and "Five More Choice Tennessee Folksongs," TFSB XVI, No. 3 (Sept., 1950), 46-53.

2. English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Student's Cambridge Edition (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1904), pp. 4-7.

3. A conception of its circulation here may be gained from John H. Cox, Folk-Songs of the South (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1925), p. 3.

4. George W. Boswell, "Reciprocal Influences of Text and Tune in the Southern Traditional Ballad" (Ph.D. thesis) (Nashville: George Peabody College, 1951), p. 189.

5. L. L. and Flora Lassiter McDowell (Ann Arbor: Edwards, 1947), 6-7.

6. Edwin C. Kirkland, "A Check List of the Titles of Tennessee Folksongs," Journal of American Folklore LIX, No. 234 (Oct.-Dec., 1946), 423-476.

No. 1

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

Sung by Mrs. Jane Snodgrass Johnson
June 24, 1950, Nashville, Tenn.

Handwritten musical score for 'The King's Daughter'. The score is written on four staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff contains the lyrics 'He was mount- ed on a milk- white steed, And he led a'. The second staff contains 'dap- pled grey, And he rode till he came to the'. The third staff contains 'old king's house Six hours be - fore it was day, day,'. The fourth staff contains 'day, Six hours be- fore it was day.' There are some handwritten annotations, including a '5' and a '4' above the notes in the second staff, and a '4' below the notes in the fourth staff.

He was mount- ed on a milk- white steed, And he led a
dap- pled grey, And he rode till he came to the
old king's house Six hours be - fore it was day, day,
day, Six hours be- fore it was day.

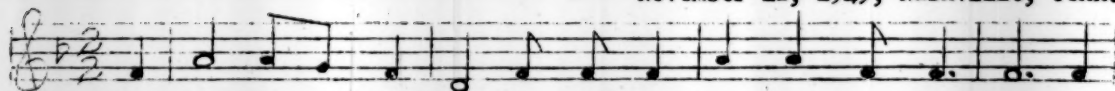
2. He softly called the princess fair,
"Come ride abroad with me,
And I will take you to fair Scotland
And there I'll marry with thee" (Repeated)
3. He rode upon the milk-white steed
And she the dappled grey,
And they rode till they came to the old salt sea
Three hours before it was day.
4. "Get off your mount, my pretty fair maid,
And come stand here by me,
For here I've drowned the sixth king's daughter
And you the seventh shall be.

5. "Take off that gown, that Holland gown,
And lay it here by me,
For it's too fine and too costly
To rot in the old salt sea."
6. "Oh, turn your face away from me
To the bright green leaves on the trees;
It never shall be said such a villain as you
A naked princess did see."
7. He turned his eyes away from her
To the bright green leaves on the trees,
And she picked him up so strong in her arms
And flung him into the sea.
8. "Come help, come help, my pretty fair maid,
Forgive and succor me,
And I'll yet take thee to fair Scotland
And there I'll marry with thee."
9. "Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knave;
Lie there in room of me.
You'd have stripped me as naked as e'er I was born,
And I ne'er took a stitch from thee."
10. She mounted on the milk-white steed,
And she led the dappled grey,
And she rode till she came to her father's house
One hour before it was day.
11. Up spoke the old parrot from her cage door,
And loudly did she say:
"Where've you been, my pretty princess,
So long before it is day?"
12. "Hush up, hush up, my pretty Polly;
Don't tell any tales on me,
And your cage shall be lined with a wind-beaten gold
Hung on yon willow tree."
13. Up spoke the old king from his chamber,
From his chamber where he lay:
"Who are you calling, my pretty Polly,
So long before it is day?"
14. "The old cat came to my cage door
For to devour me,
And I was calling my pretty princess
To drive the cat away."

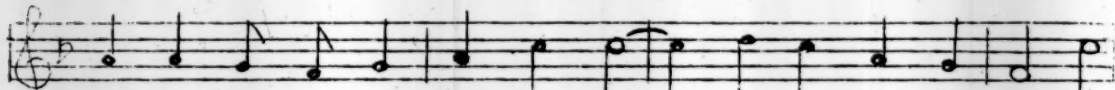
No. 2

JOHNNY DOYLE

Sung by Mrs. Myrtle Carrigan
November 12, 1949, Nashville, Tenn.



On last Fri - day night me and my true love took a flight. We



rode all 'round the green is- land till the dawn of light. My



wait- ing maid was fol- 'wing me, as you may plain- ly see; She



ran to my mam- my and told up- on me.

3. They bundled up my clothing and bade me be gone,
So slowly and so slyly I did move along.
4. My father provided me one thousand pounds,
A good horse and saddle to carry me along,
5. And six noble horsemen to ride by my side
In order to make me young Samuel Moore's bride.
6. We rode and we rode till we came to the town;
There at Eager Gordon's, there we lit down.
7. So soon as I lit down and entered the door
My earrings they bursted and fell to the floor.
8. In fifty-five pieces my gold bracelet flew,
And I thought my poor heart would have broken too.
9. And when they forced me on the floor and there for to stand
In order to give Sam Moore my right hand,
10. And when I ought to have spoken, I could hardly be realized;
The thoughts of young Johnny ran through my mind.
11. Behind my eldest brother I was carried home.
My mother embraced me and led me to my room.

12. They led me to my room, and my room it was so high
That no one could see me, nor no one passed by.
13. So sick and so feeble, my poor body through,
I eased myself down upon my bedside.
14. "Oh, Mother, oh, Mother, pray shut the room door;
Before tomorrow morning don't let in Samuel Moore.
15. "Sam Moore never shall enjoy me nor call me his wife.
Before tomorrow morning death will end all strife."
16. "Oh, Daughter, oh, Daughter, we'll send for Johnny D'yle."
"Oh, Mother, oh, no; it ain't worth while.
17. "Oh, Mother, oh, Mother, oh, now it is too late."
She turned herself over; they heard her heartstrings break.
18. And the last word she said was, "Farewell, Johnny D'yle;
There is more love at my heart than my poor tongue can tell."

(The first two stanzas of "Johnny Doyle" are with the two halves of the tune. Following stanza two, stanzas 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 15 use the second half of the tune; stanzas 6, 8, 14, 16, 17, and 18 use the first half.)

* * * * *

two texts and one tune in his Folksongs of Florida,⁷ identifies it as a secondary form of Child 239, "Lord Saltoun and Auchanachie." Its Irish provenience is attested to by Mrs. Carrigan's pronunciation of the surname: "D'yle." She learned it long ago from her father in Smith County.

Examination of all available references has failed to reveal any analogue of No. 3, "The Banks of Shannon." Long-time gardener at Austin Peay State College, Mr. Herbert Roake came to America from his native England in 1883 as a boy of twelve. He had his songs from his

7. (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1950), pp. 331-334.

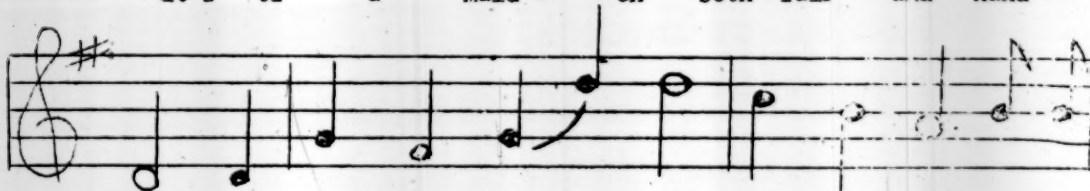
No. 3

THE BANKS OF SHANNON

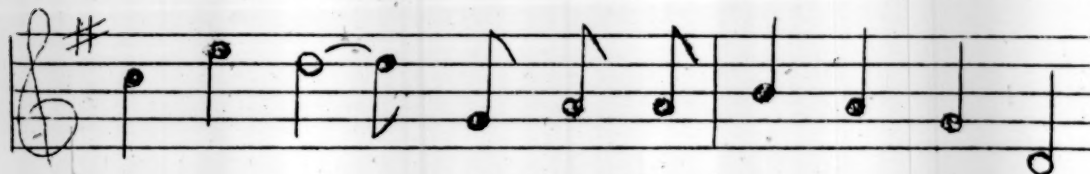
Sung by Herbert Roake
November 17, 1950, Clarksville, Te:



It's of a maid - en both fair and hand -



some; These lines are true, as I've been told. On the



banks of Shan - non in a loft - y man - sion,



Her par - ents owned great stores of gold.

2. Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form or features describe who can?
But yet its folly belongs to nature --
She fell in love with her servant man.
3. As Mary Ann and her love were walking
Her father heard them and nearer drew,
And as those lovers were fondly talking
In anger home her father flew.
4. To build a dungeon was his intention;
To part true love he contrived a plan.
He took an oath that's too vile to mention
To part that fair one from her servant man.

5. He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
And steps for it was underground.
The food he gave her was bread and water;
The only cheer to her was found.
6. Three times a day he cruelly beat her.
Unto her father she thus began:
"If I've disgraced my own dear father,
I'll lay and die for my servant man."
7. Young Edwin found out her habitation.
It was well secured by an iron door.
He vowed in spite of all the nation
To gain her freedom or rest no more.
8. Then at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To get releasement for Mary Ann.
He gained his object and found his treasure,
Did this faithful young servant man.

* * * * *

mother, an Irishwoman born Ellen Sarah Fagance.

No. 4, "Come, and I Will Sing," is the ancient cumulative song more often known as "The Twelve Apostles," "The Ten Commandments," or "Green Grow the Rushes."⁸ Only some two or three texts from Tennessee have been published.⁹ Mellinger E. Henry¹⁰ and Jean Thomas¹¹ have variants, and W. W. Newell¹² and Leah Rachel Clara Yoffie¹³ have ana-

8. I also have a variant from North Georgia by this title which begins "I'll Sing You Twelve, O, Green Grow the Rushes, O!" It is said that the Mexicans' appellation for Texans, "Gringos," is a corruption of "Green Grow," derived from the frontiersman's fondness for this song.

9. See Kirkland, op. cit., p. 469.

10. Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands (New York: Augustin, 1938), p. 156.

11. The Singin' Gatherin' (New York: Silver Burdett, 1939), pp.33-35.

12. "The Carol of the Twelve Numbers," Journal of American Folklore IV. (1891), 215-220.

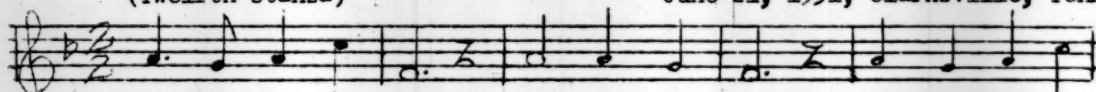
13. "Songs of the 'Twelve Numbers' and the Hebrew Chant of 'Echod Mi Yodea,'" JAF LXII (1949), 382-411.

No. 4

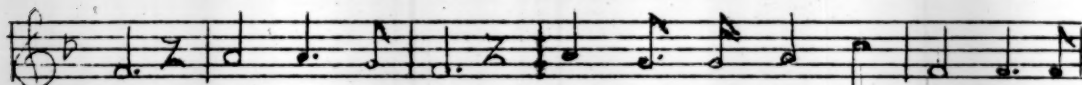
COME, AND I WILL SING

Sung by Mrs. James K. Nash
June 21, 1951, Clarksville, Tenn.

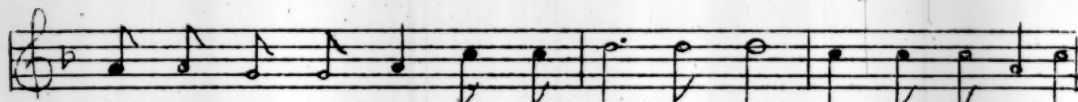
(Twelfth stanza)



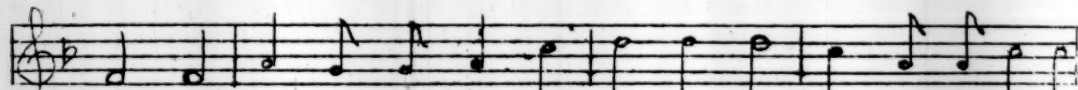
"Come, and I will sing." "What will you sing?" "I will sing of



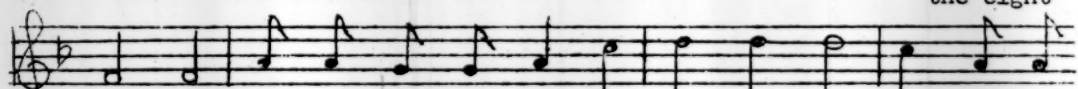
twelve." "What of the twelve?" "Twelve are the twelve a- pos-tles; E-



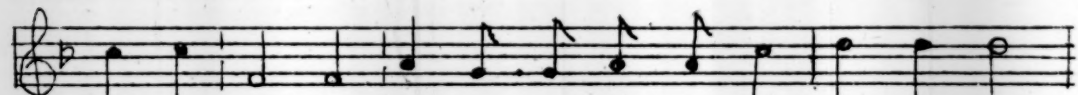
lev- en are the saints that have gone to rest, Ten are the ten com-



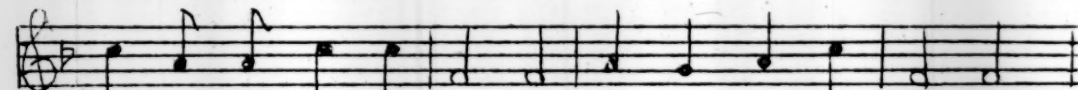
mand- ments. Nine are the sun- shine bright and clear, Eight are arch-
the eight



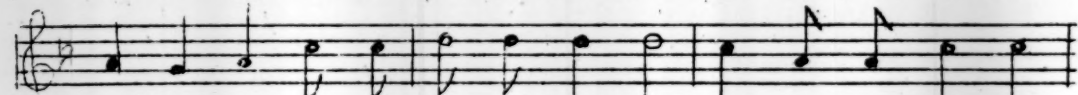
an- gels. Sev- en are the bright stars in the sky, Six were the



cheer-ful wa- ters. Five were the fer- ry- men in their boats,



Four were the gos- pel preach-ers. Three of them were strang- ers.



Two of them were the lit- tle white babes Dressed in the morn- ing

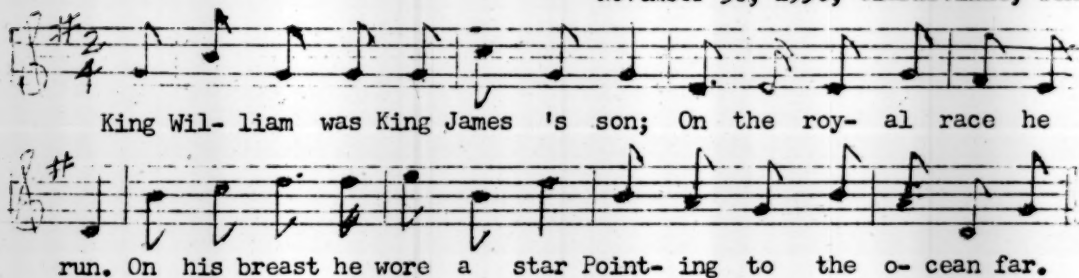


green. One was God and God a - lone; Shout! for- ev- er, a- men."

No. 5

KING WILLIAM WAS KING JAMES'S SON

Sung by Mrs. Eugene Martin
November 30, 1950, Clarksville, Tenn.



2. Go choose to the east, go choose to the west,
Go choose the one that you love best,
And if she's not here to take her part
Choose the nearest to your heart.
3. Upon this carpet we must kneel
Sure as the grass grows in the field.
As you rise to your feet
Salute your bride with a kiss so sweet.

* * * * *

lytical articles on the subject. The "One," with which the first stanza later to be cumulated always begins, is supposed to refer to the Deity. Mrs. Nash had this hymn from her mother in Hickman County.

Our representative of the play-party tradition, "King William Was King James's Son," has appeared several times in this state but with a melody only in the McDowells' Folk Dances of Tennessee.¹⁴ It is found extensively cited in Benjamin A. Botkin's authoritative work.¹⁵ Although the proper names in this song vary a great deal, King William seems to refer to William of Orange, of the Glorious Revolution (English) of 1688. Mrs. Martin used to sing this very attractive tune as a girl in Montgomery County.

14. (Ann Arbor: Edwards, 1938), pp. 66-67.

15. "The American Play-Party Song," in University of Nebraska Studies XXXVII (Lincoln: University of Nebraska, 1937), 227.

ANNUAL MEETING
TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY
AUSTIN PEAY STATE COLLEGE
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE
November 3, 1951

P R O G R A M

- 9:50 Assembly in Room 102 (Audio-Visual Room) Science Building
- 9:45 Invocation: The Reverend Joseph B. Tucker
- 9:50 Address of Welcome: President Halbert Harvill, Austin Peay State College
- 9:55 Response: Freida Johnson, President Tennessee Folklore Society
- 10:00 "Hill's Almanac, 1825 - 1862", Felix G. Woodward
- 10:20 "Mountain Superstitions in Tennessee Literature",
Mildred Haun
- 10:40 Program of Folksongs in Ensemble Arrangement
Austin Peay State College Choir
- 11:10 "American Folklore in the School Curriculum", John E. Brewton
- 11:30 Folksongs to Autoharp Accompaniment, George C. Grise
- 11:50 "Southern Mountain Crafts", Mabel Ward
- 12:10 Appointment of Committees, President
- 12:20 Lunch in the College Cafeteria

-
- 1:45 "The History of a Folklore Column", Gordon Wilson
- 2:05 Program of Folksongs, Grace Creswell
- 2:30 "Bird - Lore in the Poetry of Tennyson", E. G. Rogers
- 2:50 "Tennessee Flora in Folk Legend", Herbert Roake
- 3:00 Folksongs: Mrs. L. L. McDowell and Billy Jack McDowell
- 3:20 "Emotional Aspects of Primitive Magic", Otto Billig, M. D.
- 3:40 Folksongs to Dulcimer Accompaniment, Charles F. Bryan
- 4:00 Business Session (Reports of the Secretary, Treasurer, and Committees), President
-

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Publications Received

Boletin De Arqueologia, volume III, numeros 1 - 6, Bogota, Columbia, 1951.

Las Piedras De Tunga De Facatativa El Cuaternario De La Sabana De Bogota, Publicaciones Del Instituto Ethnologico Nacional, Bogota, 1950.

"La Mitologia" por Stith Thompson, Folklore Americas, University of Miami Press, Coral Gables, Florida, June, 1951, Vol. XI, No.

E. W. Gifford, "Archeological Excavations in Fiji," Anthropological Records 13:3, University of California Press, Berkeley and San Francisco, 1951.

Midwest Folklore, volume I, numbers 1 - 2, 1951, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

Journal of the International Folk Music Council, volume III, 1951 (Published with the assistance of the UNESCO.)

"The Blue Hen's Chickens" by Herbert Halpert, Murray State College, Murray, Kentucky. (Reprinted from American Speech, October 1951, Vol. XXVI, No. 3, Copyright 1951 by Columbia University Press.)

Subscription and Membership Renewals

Librarians and members please note that your subscription expires with this issue, and that in order to receive your copy of the publication without interruption, you must mail notice of your renewal request to the treasurer of the Society. The list of the recently elected officers for 1952 are listed elsewhere in this issue.

Charles F. Bryan

Charles F. Bryan, Associate Professor of Music at Peabody College and former president of the Tennessee Folklore Society, conducted the All-East Tennessee Chorus in connection with the meeting of the East Tennessee Education Association in Knoxville on Oct. 2.

Mrs. Howse Chairman Music Committee

Mrs. Cecil C. Howse, Humboldt, Tennessee, is Folk Music Research Chairman for Tennessee of the Federation of Music Clubs. She will appreciate bibliographies of music books, recordings, etc., from collectors and librarians.

REPORT OF THE RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

Whereas we as the resolutions committee believe in brief, simple and folksy resolutions, be it therefore resolved: That these resolutions be brief, simple and folksy.

For a program as good as a Friday afternoon speaking exercise at Plum Grove school we extend thanks to President Freida Johnson and Vice-President George Boswell. An extra piece of figurative fried chicken we offer to the speakers and performers: Joseph Tucker, Felix Woodward, Charles Gary and the Choir, John Brewton, George Grise, Gordon Wilson, E. G. Rogers, Grace Creswell, and Charles "sore-thumb" Bryan. For letting us light and hitch at Austin Peay State College and for the friendly "come on in" received here, an extra helping of peach cobbler to President Halbert Harvill and Charles Waters, director of publicity, as well as to George Boswell, the host officer of the organization.

Aside from the meeting at hand, we desire to testify to what E.G. Rogers has done for us as secretary and editor of the Bulletin for a number of years and to express our regret that he must leave this post. T. J. Farr deserves an extra piece of cornbread for his very capable filling of the position of treasurer. To Mrs. L. L. McDowell who unavoidably missed our meeting, we say that we wished you had-a-been here. We missed you.

To all who came, all who participated, all who worked at arrangements -- we think you done good. Much obliged.

Respectfully submitted,

Resolutions Committee
William Griffin
Marion Haines
George C. Grise

BOOK REVIEWS

Albert D. Kirwan, Revolt of the Rednecks, University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1951, \$4.50.

Revolt of the Rednecks by Albert D. Kirwan is the story between 1876 and 1925 of a patterned representation of democracy and demagoguery promoted by a self-perpetuating inner-circle of party leaders who react to just about all the factors characteristic of the South, such as variety of soil, economics, race, and prohibition, making these serve party purposes according to the tempo of the times. This pattern may be of interest to the lorist as well as to the historian. And the right recent nomination of Hugh White for governor by the state's one-party primary started out as a states'-rights campaign in which Trumanism, prohibition, and the negro vote were again paramount.

It was the hill-farmer (Redneck) who decided that the agricultural class should have a voice within the state and, that in order to do so, must secure a substantial leadership within the ranks of the party. It failed to gain this leadership in the Constitutional Convention of 1890, but did succeed in 1902 in the election of James K. Vardaman to the governorship. The Rednecks retained control until 1925 when Vardaman in alliance with Bilbo lost the governorship and senatorial elections. Vardaman and his successors have recognized the social responsibilities of the negro, his influence in state politics, but have consistently maintained the "white supremacy" plank regardless of how political fortunes come and go.

Mr. Kirwan, with dispassionate validity, has described the campaign, mud-slinging, demagogue method of appeal to voters regardless of the group or faction in political control. The state's participation and reactions to the William Jennings Bryan, free silver, and the Populist issues are noted. Vote-getting politicians were often embarrassed to explain a misuse or abuse of powers such as these relating to the Board of Control of the state's penal system. It was in the campaign of 1910 that their opponents called the followers of Vardaman and Bilbo "cattle" and "rednecks." These names were adopted by Vardaman's supporters, and "wherever Vardaman went to speak he was greeted by crowds of men wearing red neckties, and was personally carried in wagons drawn by oxen."

E. G. R.

Caroline Gordon, The Strange Children, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1951, \$3.50.

The quality of the work of Caroline Gordon is well-known to critical lovers of American fiction as well as to those who wish to appraise her as one of Tennessee's most distinguished authors. Her husband is the well-known literary critic, Allen Tate. They spend their time now between the University of Minnesota and Princeton where he lectures. "The Strange Children" certainly makes more apparent the remarkable talent of this gifted writer.

The setting is Benfolly, the home of the Lewises on the bank of the Cumberland River, where a house-party is under way. The story is told by the bright, nine-year old girl, Lucy Lewis, who observes the mysterious comings and goings of her father's former classmates who are gathering for the house-party - among them "Uncle Tubby" the poet who, in turn, is a friend of Kev Reardon and his attractive wife

Isabel.

The handling of the plot and the characters is strikingly a most unusual treatment as to style and workmanship. Lucy is a sensitive child placed among adults who talk and act strangely. She becomes intensely interested in their mysterious ways but personally is but little changed by the resurgence of their influence. The deep emotion and seeming triviality Lucy cannot always understand. Tubby falls in love with Isabel while Kevin is concerned with what amounts almost to an obsession as a recent convert to Catholicism. The tension is increased as the Holy Rollers plan to get their meeting under way. Throughout most of the story the reader wonders at the strange relationships of these people and how they have such strange power upon each other so incidentally brought together. Social vices are handled with dexterous creativeness - so much so that a child can relate the narrative without the least intimation of a taint from its retelling. The reader may find in the story's handling a variety of significances. The story is simply and beautifully told, and the most profound reader may find much here for his varied consideration. The story is superb.

E. G. R.

Stark Young, The Pavilion, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1951, \$2.50.

The Pavilion by Stark Young is the kind of book which you will not hesitate to recommend to the most conservative or discriminating reader. It has a treatment both in style and in subject-matter which will appeal to a wide audience because of its simplicity and directness, its reminiscence, its humor, its pungent philosophy, and its pertinent glimpses into the culture that was and is the South of the 80's and 90's and of the world of art, the theatre, and literature today. We are brought informally into the presence of a number of his literary acquaintance -- William Faulkner, Doris Keane, Sherwood Anderson, Eleanor Duse, Eugene O'Neill, Ellen Glasgow, and Henry James. He was tutored by scholars like W.P. Trent, and has enjoyed the friendship of Edmund Gosse, the wise and eminent critic. The reader will find here a collection of essays on family life, human behavior, books, places, seasons, art, and the sheer beauty of earth "in a pavilion far from the strife of tongues."

Stark Young was inured to the folk legend and tradition of his people -- the people of Mississippi and the South. Interestingly woven into this picture of southern life is the cultural tradition of Classic learning. Vividly contrasted is the panorama of slavery and poverty against a background of the cliches of plenty. Observations are made on the early schools, Negro baptizings, the dead "kicked out of their graves," quinine and "peach-tree tea," plantation parties, outlaws, serenades, and many quaint superstitions. Of the people of the South he says, "Men do not have to dilate on matters of life, honor, pride, courage, loyalty, and the endless ramifications of human morals and virtues." He believes that great literature should be enjoyed for its own sake. And even though he stood fifth in a class of approximately sixty in the study of Greek, he avers that the professor "held him up as an example to laggards ... more as a freak than as a model." The volume is informative, entertaining, and refreshing.

E. G. R.

Julia Davis, Cloud on the Land, Rhinehart & Company, Inc., New York, 1951, \$3.50.

Cloud on the Land by Julia Davis possesses many of the qualities which this reviewer would expect to find in a book of creative endurance. Plot, character creation, action, interest arising from living truth (whether one likes to face it or not), and an effective handling of forceful and colorful language are qualities which commend this most unusual style. Our characters may falter at time and fail, because they are human, but the reader is always left with a feeling that something worthwhile will come of striving because each character is created with objective purpose. The failures of some must be the joy-giving and soul-sharing experiences of others. Life for her characters becomes terrifically complicated as they struggle with problems of the frontier -- and with the cloud of slavery as it hastily hovers over the land.

It is likewise a story of marriage and of strong passions. Young Angus McLeod leaves his grandmother's plantation in the Shenandoah Valley to make his fortune as a fur trader on the Missouri frontier in 1822. He meets and marries the beautiful Lucy Montgomery who loves him intensely, and who, like him, becomes enmeshed in difficulties which tear at the very heartstrings. Life is hard and constantly confronted with direct dangers of treacherous tragedy. After nine years of very difficult but constant readjustment on the Missouri frontier, the real test comes when they return to take up life on his patrimonial estate of Glengarry, the Shenandoah plantation, where the issues of slavery were rapidly gathering as "A Cloud on the Land." Here where they expected to find ultimate happiness in settled homelife, decisions brought no solutions nor offered any of the solace which Angus and Lucy had hoped for. It is here as throughout the story that each character is handled with masterful distinction and delineation where the stream of life so often seems to be running at cross purposes -- this meandering current which was soon to affect not only families but communities and the nation as well. The author's exalted purpose never allows tempestuous feeling to destroy the high purpose of art.

E. G. R.

Irving Stone, The President's Wife (The Novel of Rachel and Andrew Jackson), Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., 1951, \$3.50

The President's Lady by Irving Stone is a fictionalized biography of the Jacksons told always in relationship to the point of view of Rachel. The comparative treatments by A.L. Crabb, Stanley Horn, Marquis James, and others make this new study a most interesting and valuable supplement to comprehensive and evaluative study in this crisis period of frontier history.

Rachel, daughter of Colonel John Dickson of the famous Adventure trip into the new wilderness frontier, met and married the handsome and romantic Captain Lewis Robards of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, with whom she found none of the answers to a happy marriage. Since divorce was countenanced neither by tradition nor law on the Kentucky-Tennessee frontier, Rachel seemed doomed to utter disappointment in all her hopes - until she suddenly found herself free to find fulfillment in her quest of love, a home, and happiness. Rachel found herself ardently and hopelessly in love with the young

frontier attorney Andrew Jackson who was introduced by John Overton when they sought lodging in the Donelson home. Rachel and Andrew were married in Louisiana shortly to learn that the Virginia Assembly had not annulled the marriage with Robards and that Rachel and Andrew were accused, particularly by Robards, of living in adultery. Even for a time after the legal restrictions were cleared, they were hounded by the bitter accusations of political enemies and all those who in anywise may have been jealous of their success. Perhaps this explains the half-cocked duelling pistols which Andrew so frequently carried in defense of her honor.

Their fortunes were as vicarious as were the times in which they struggled to adjust themselves. But during the many frustrating experiences at farming, stock-raising, horse-racing, storekeeping, politics, soldiering, and as president, Rachel believed in him, believed in his cause, and believed that their love for each other was the strongest force on earth. But the stinging epithets and aspersions cast at their marriage loomed larger as Jackson's political enemies used these in an attempt to destroy him and his influence. Rachel's health and body broke on the eve of the occasion which was to become the fulfillment of Jackson's dream for them, the highest honor which the people themselves may confer. But her strengthening love for him and his cause was to follow him where her broken body could not go.

E. G. R.

Allen Johnston Going, Bourbon Democracy in Alabama 1874 - 1890, University of Alabama Press, University, Alabama, 1951.

The restudy which is being made by Southern students of southern life is encouraging. Several such local studies have had recent mention in this publication, including "Revolt of the Rednecks" by Kirwan, "Slavery in Alabama" by Sellers, "Plain Folk of the Old South" by Owsley, "The Southern Country Store" by Atherton, "All This Is Louisiana" by Keyes, and "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama" by Fleming. And there is that innumerable host of others interpreting southern life. Much of this is an effort of the South to interpret the South to the South as well as to a large group of misinformed critics of the South.

Bourbon Democracy in Alabama by Allen Johnston Going is a study into the conservatism of the Democratic party and its politics in Alabama after 1870 following the first reconstruction efforts by Radicals who designated the conservatives as Bourbons. This group had mainly opposed Nullification and Secession and only mildly supported the Confederate cause and giving half-hearted approval to Johnson's Reconstruction plans. Therefore, action in the nature of reform lay primarily with the Radicals, including many Republicans in the northern part of the state. The fight to overthrow radicalism in 1874 directed the strategy to a campaign of maintaining the emphasis of white supremacy. The panic, Republican failure and division, played into their hands. A new state constitution was ratified in 1875. The politics of conventions after 1874 was to keep the Democratic party entrenched. Centralized and arbitrary election laws were enacted. Black Belt politicians even denounced a "free ballot and fair count" as undesirable. This led to many contested election controversies. There was no end to the effort at deceiving "unwary Negroes." In spite of dissension within party ranks by Populists, Prohibitionists, Greenbacks, and Republicans,

the Bourbons succeeded in the complete disfranchisement of the Negro in the Constitution of 1890. Each faction accused the other of bad faith in government as a basis for the enormous state debt. An economy drive was launched and a commission established for a study of the state debt with a view to a plan for its reduction. Corrupt procedures in tax collections were rectified gradually. Agricultural improvement went forward after 1885. White immigration was not legally encouraged although rapid strides in industrial progress encouraged many comers. Railroad construction was encouraged both by land grants and through speculation while highways and river developement waited. Party economy and low taxes retarded education until well after 1880. Education at higher levels received but little help. The penal system was generally deplorable. Social welfare institutions slowly came in for political considerations. The volume therefore is a study in party entrenchment as a basic cause, we infer, for a further study in political reaction. The volume is amply supported with many excellent maps and charts.

E. G. R.

Ben Lucien Burman, Children of Noah (Glimpses of Unknown America), Julian Messner, Inc., New York, 1951, \$3.50.

Everywhere I Roam by Lucien Burman was reviewed last year in these pages. Now for the eighth in his series of books on scenes just around the "not too familiar corner" Children of Noah bids to be the most interesting, the most interpretative, and the most amusing.

The characters of these river episodes are as effectively and as amusingly drawn as those of Mark Twain. Captain Dick Micharry who operated the Tennessee Bell on the Lower Mississippi chops up the floor for fuel when his coal supply is suddenly exhausted; Captain Bill Jenke plugs a hole in the prow of his showboat with his own body and keeps the vessel afloat until repairs can be made. Fishermen live in shanties built on hollow logs so that they may rise or fall, or go in or out, with the tide. Chinese shrimp fishermen on platforms built in Barataria Bay in the Gulf near New Orleans demonstrate a sort of organized economy about which the rest of the world knows so little and to which we are here so vividly introduced. Hill people of the headwaters of the Cumberland are here, in the mountains of Kentucky, where fees for education are paid in moonshine whiskey, where "fiddling" tunes all sound the same, and where the spirit of America rings unmistakably true. Then we are taken back to the Mississippi lowlands where Eb Witcher of Caney Corners has religious hallucinations about building a second Noah's Ark, and is almost convincing when his neighbors take refuge in his shanty from one of Mississippi's worst floods.

Mr. Burman lives among and experiences the most realistic and vivid reactions of those about whom he writes. The homely humor, quaint philosophy born of experience, tall tales of rivers and river-folk, and a sympathetic appreciation of a people "who, living close to nature, have found a partial key for what is true for all humanity."

E. G. R.

Benjamin A. Botkin, A Treasury of Western Folklore, Crown Publishers, New York, 1951, \$4.00.

November 20 was the release date of another title in the Crown folklore series, A Treasury of Western Folklore, edited by Benjamin A. Botkin with a Foreword by Bernard De Voto. As in the case of his A Treasury of Southern Folklore and other American collections, Mr. Botkin has gone to every possible source such as newspaper records, old library files, and many almost-forgotten documents. He has caught here too the flavor of the country from rugged pioneer days to the present time, and has communicated this with vividness, vitality, and grandeur from every page.

More specifically, there are tales spun out along the ever-lengthening journeys westward whether by covered wagon, Pony Express or railroad. There are tall tales, legendary heroes, Indian wars, adventure of the feverish gold-rush days and the over-night building of mining towns, oil booms, and the cowboy of the cattle range country. This Americana of western lore is one of the most comprehensive yet made. It is in the West, more than anywhere throughout the entire country, that the pioneer met with a new kind of hardship - surprise, contrast, storm, thirst, tornado, heat blizzard - sometimes in such rapid succession that the word hardship became immediately subjective as well as objective. In the West men had to become adaptable in order to live. Life everywhere was paradoxical. In the West men became the fools of those they fooled as "the sly yokel outwits the city slicker whom he had taken for a simpleton." And as the West developed over a period of years, the newer frontiers caught the spirit of the tradition of the recent past and transmitted it through cinema, legend, and song.

E. G. R.

TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY BULLETIN

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